

Growing up with you

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Summary: I remember the first day I saw him, I was only at the curious age of 6. I say curious because that is what I was and how I met that boy with the dozens of freckles. If I told younger me what that little freckled boy meant to me nowâ€¦ he would shove crayons up my nose. Hijack growing up au.

1. Age 6

Hey everyone **J**** I'm starting a new story of Jack and Hiccup falling in and out of love. I hope you enjoy it! **

I remember the first day I saw him, I was only at the curious age of 6. I say curious because that is what I was and how I met that boy with the dozens of freckles. If I told younger me what that little freckled boy meant to me nowâ€¦ he would shove crayons up my nose.

It all started in the playground watching the other kids laugh and throw grass at each other, the day seemed pretty perfect. The sun was out and the teachers were laughing and gossiping to each other. I was sitting in my usual place on the tree branch above the school gate so I could watch everyone.

I wasn't lonely or anything, I just liked seeing everyone have fun. The teachers would tell me to get down consistently but I never did. They had given up on telling me to stop. I would sneak out as much as possible and sit there.

I don't remember much from being that young but I remember that day.

That day when a very very large man who looked like a giant walked into the playground, but that was not what had caught my attention. It was the little boy holding a toy dragon and hiding behind the very large man that caught my eye.

The boy was very small and had brown hair and had little brown spots everywhere on him. They looked like stars. They were scattered from his nose down to his thin neck and to his scrawny arms.

I jumped from the branch and landed on my bottom as always. I brushed myself off and walked over to the teacher who was talking to the very very large man.

The large man let go of the funny looking kids hand and pushed him forward to the teacher who grabbed it instead. He had watery eyes and looked back to his father before he saw him leave.

She walked him to the drawing table and I watched. She talked to him for longer than I wanted and walked back to the other teacher who was separating two boys from fighting.

She let go of his hand and he sat on the table looking like he was going to burst out in tears. She left and I walked over.

'Hello.' I greeted the kid with a smile (most of my teeth were lost but still a smile)

He looked up and blinked. 'Hi.' He squeaked and held the dragon tighter to his chest. The little boy had long hair and it was scruffy. I liked it.

'What are all those dots on your skin?' I asked moving a foot closer. The little boy moved his fringe out of his eyes and looked confused.

'What?' He asked through a sniff. I walked over to him and poked some on his nose and started counting them in my head. He stiffened at the touch and

'These stars on your skin.' I stated. He shrugged and he looked towards the gate to where his dad had dropped him off. And he started crying a bit.

'Why are you sad?' I asked and sat next to him. He let a tear roll down the 'stars' on his skin and kept his eyes down.

'I-I m-miss my d-d-addy.' He sobbed.

'It's okay he'll be back in an hour. My names Jack, what's yours?' I asked and he sniffed then hiccupped. I giggled.

' *hic* Hunter *hic*' He said while hundreds of hiccups came from his small body. I laughed again and he rubbed his eyes.

'Hunter? That's silly. I'm gonna call you Hiccup. Cause you do it a lot.' I sat next to him and he looked up at me properly so I could see his eyes and for the first time blue met green.

There shall be many more chapters! I will update soon! x

2. Age 8

**Thank you for the reviews! They mean so much! And I'm happy you think its cute guys! **

Enjoy! **J**

Age 8

Hiccup hadn't grown much from the age of 6 to 8, he had stayed small skinny and weak. He had the same scruffy brown hair that had developed little shades of ginger from the sun. His freckles were the same as always; all scattered in every possible place, however there was one that was more noticeable because of its dark shade and positioning. It was in the left corner of his left eye.

His clothes were still a little big on him. He still carried his toy dragon and would cry when it got lost, so at the age of 8 he was still my fishbone.

In the two innocent years that I had known him I had discovered that his mother had 'gone to heaven' as Stoic said to Hiccup. I also found out he was clever, he liked to draw and make things and the little boy was such a sassy little dork.

I remember even at the age of 8 he was sassing me up, but it was at age 8 I fell head over heels for that him.

We ran through the playground. It was night time and we had stuck out. We were such rebellious kidsâ€¦ well actually it was more meâ€¦ but we'll forget about that right now.

'Come on Hiccup hurry up!' I said dragging him by his hand. He was smaller and couldn't run or walk as fast as I could.

'J-jack this isn't a good idea!' He complained and looked around at the dark area.

We came up to my tree and I started to climb. 'Come on, it's fine.' I said with a smile.

'Jack my dad's going to kill me! And how am I supposed to even get up that tree! I mean look at me!' Hiccup complained again. He was gesturing to his small body.

'I'll help you, you have to believe in me.' And he did. I pushed myself onto the first branch and lifted Hiccup up after. We eventually reached my branch after a few 'ouch's' and complaints from Hiccup.

We sat together and looked around. It was still pretty dark but the sun was about to rise. 'Why did you even bring me up here that was so important?' Hiccup asked and he tried not to look down.

'You have to wait, the sun looks really cool.' I stated. He gave me a look. 'What?'

'How cool?' Hiccup asked with an eyebrow raised.

'Cooler than dragons.' I dared to say.

'Jack nothing is cooler than dragons and we both know it.' Hiccup laughed showing off his crooked teeth.

'Okay, okayâ€| maybe not as cool as dragons but lookâ€|' I nodded towards the sun rise ahead of us.

He looked at the yellow beam of light making its way over the dark mountains in the distance. It grew bigger and pink and orange colours made their way around the half circle.

As Hiccup stared at the sun rise, I could do nothing more than to look at his sun lit face smiling brightly at the beautiful scene. His freckles were clearer, his crooked teeth didn't seem as crooked to me anymore, his messy hair was the right kind of messy and his forest green eyes shone and I felt my heart ache.

It was like I was missing him but he was right in front of me. And after a blink of my eye, the sun was in the sky and our parents and the police were walking towards the playground.

Hiccup sighed. 'Greatâ€| I'm dead.' He climbed down and I came after him making sure he didn't slip.

Hiccups father gave me a death glare as we hit the ground and so did my parents and most of the police.

The adults gave us a talking to. And while the police talked to our parents Hiccup held my hand and whispered 'Let's do that again.' I looked at our hands and then into those shinning, forest green orbs that were full of wonder. And that's when I fell.

**Hope you liked it! **

**I'm going to start writing the next chapter right now! Thank you for reading! **

3. Age 12

Thank you everyone! Hope you like this ;)

At age 12 I had grown a few inches, my white hair was styled more, however my pale ears seemed to still stay too big for my head. And Hiccup was the same old Hiccup, his shaggy auburn hair, freckles covering his small frame like a Dalmatian, same awkwardness, same forest green eyes. He was Hiccup just with added sass.

I knew of my affection towards my best friend but I didn't know how to express it. So I decided to try and I failed, greatly.

I remember chasing after Hiccup, running like a wild man. Energy filled my being. I was the lion he was the gazelle.

We were playing tag. We ran through the kitchen, the halls, up the stairs and across each bedroom. For such a small person he ran so fast. I ran and ran, laughing like it was the only thing to do at that moment.

I ran as fast as I could, never stopping. I could hear Hiccup laughing and shrieking as he ran away from me. It only made it easier to know where he was going. The laughter I had grown to love, coming out of Hiccup filled the house. I heard Hiccups mother yell as we ran and knocked things over, while Hiccup apologized under his breath

every time we did so, I chuckled.

I finally corned him in his parent's room. He was too fast for me. I looked around and he was nowhere to be seen. I saw the closet door move a bit and held back a laugh by biting on my lower lip.

I creped slowly up to the door, I reached out to open the door and out of the blew Hiccup jumped out of the closet onto me and we hit his parents bed with a thud. I yelped and we both burst into laughter as we continued to hit each other and say tag. We rolled around on the bed trying to tag each other. I wrestled him till I had the freckled menace pinned to the bed and without even a second thought.

I kissed him.

It was such an innocent and simple peck on the lips, but it held such wild emotions. I didn't even think before doing it, it was spontaneous and impulsive. It felt like it was only a second, however it must have been a few. My eyes were closed but I never got the chance to see if his were. I didn't think at the time it was such a big deal.

But to Hiccups parents, it was. After being in absolute bliss one second, I was in aching pain the next.

Not physical pain, but emotional, it felt like my heart was drowning, as if a heart could drown.

Hiccups father was yelling at me while his mother held him like a demon was trying to grab him and take him away. All I could hear was yelling and shouting of how wrong I was.

I remember wanting to cry. I remember the waves of different emotions as my father told me I did nothing wrong.

I remember the look when my blue eyes thought they had last met green.

**Omg I'm sorry for ripping your heart out, please don't hate me.
**

4. Age 15

**I AM SO SORRY FOR NOT UPDATING OMG SORRY BUT HEREâ€| **

In one word age 15 was hormonal. Hair grew in weird places, I grew a few inches (not all in height), my abnormally large ears finally seemed to almost fit on my head, my white hair was getting to the point where it was the right sort of messy and my sexuality was all over the place.

Since I had kissed Hiccup I had not seen him. Well actually I would see him in school and about but we were like strangers. The friendship we had woven was a mess. Glances would be stolen from across classrooms and streets but other than that we can no contact. I'm not going to lie and say it didn't hurt because it did. Like a lot.

I knew what I felt for Hiccup and it wasn't anything as innocent or platonic as when I was younger. North, my adoptive father, had told me there was nothing wrong with the way I felt. He explained to me how liking someone of the same gender was not something to be ashamed of or worried about, that it was supposed to be confusing.

I wish I could believe in what he told me, but people at my school seemed to make sure that was never the case.

While I tried to make friends at my school it seemed I was invisible. Every time I tried to become friends with anyone, they would make other friends and seem to forget about me.

Hiccup on the other hand was doing just fine. Sure at first he was very awkward with everyone but he soon became a very popular person. Which wasn't surprising because of his fun sarcasm and witty humor. However, that just made our nonexistent friendship fly further and further out of reach.

Another thing about being 15, gay and sexually frustrated was that there was no way I would be able to be with anyone. Everyone who thought of the same sex would always keep it to themselves so it was pretty hard being a 15 year old horny teenage guy.

So when a random friend of Hiccup's invites you to a house party, you tend to say yes.

The house was packed full of teenagers some as young as 14 to about 18 years old. I wove through the crowds of people with those stereotypical red cups. While walking through the groups of hormonal teens groping each other I wondered where I was actually going.

I decided my best option was going towards the kitchen. I walked through some dancing girls who seemed too interested in each other to notice me push past them. After a few hits and almost falling over I got to the kitchen, where I grabbed a cup and filled it up with water.

I sighed looking down at my red cup and then gulped the "not so cold water" down.

'SHIT!' was the last thing I heard before I had water spilling down my front and a body falling onto mine.

After lifting the body off mine, I stood up. I looked down at my favorite blue hoodie and water was dripping down it. Great. Just fucking great.

'Oh my god I'm so sor-'

I looked up and saw the one and only Hiccup. Red in the face, holding a now empty red cup with what seemed like alcohol had been in it (that was now on me as well as my water). He had stopped himself mid-sentence and I guess he realised who he had fallen on. Probably drunk. He was staring at me and I felt very self-conscious all of a sudden.

'Jack.' He said in a breath he seemed to have been holding in.

I had so much to say to him. God he looked good, like wowâ€œ who in

the hell can look good with messy hair, freckles and a large nose. Apparently Hiccup. He was wearing a green top with black skinny jeans that hugged his thin, lanky legs really well. He was wearing black and white vans which were a little on the scruffy side. Every thought I ever thought about Hiccup I ever thought about flood into my head and ever memory. I wanted to scream at him and ask why and hug him and say sorry but all I could say wasâ€!

'Er, hi.' I know what you're all thinking; _REALLY JACK?
HI?_

Hiccup's mouth turned up the slightest, just about into a small smile. Oh just fack off and be horrible to me Hiccup. It would save me a lot of heartache.

'I'm sorry for falling on you, I got pushed I swear.' He said in his nasally but smooth as hell voice. He then noticed the spill on my shirt. 'Oh god, oh I'm sorry. Err I think Sandy has a few shirt upstairs if you want one.' I didn't look convinced. 'He won't mind, I promise.'

I finally nodded. He put down his cup, grinned and pulled me out of the kitchen to the upstairs bathroom.

It was nice, walk in shower and a few pretty paintings hanging on the wall. Hiccup went to the sink and grabbed a towel from underneath it, then wet it.

He walked over and started dabbing my hoodie. 'Ermâ€| I'll go get you a top. Why don't you just keep on trying to get it out while I get you a top.' I nodded and he left, shutting the door.

I let a long breathe out. Okay, calm down Jackâ€| it's only Hiccup. Calm. I quickly went over to the mirror and checked my hair but quickly turned back around when I heard the door open.

'Hi.' I said as he walked back in. AGAIN? JACK!

Hiccup chuckled 'Hey.' I smiled for once and he smiled back. 'I got you this, I don't know if it'll fit but you might as well try it on.' He still moved his hands and arms a lot as he talked, like when we were kids.

'Thanks.' I took it and we stood there for a few seconds. I looked at my feet and then back up to him, our eyes met. 'Are you going to go so I can put it on..or...?'

'Oh yeah, yeah err sorry.'

He left and I couldn't help but laugh. I chucked my hoodie off and slipped the plain white shirt on. It was a good fit. I turned back around quickly when I heard the door open again and Hiccup was very close, right up to my face actually.

I felt frozen, like if I moved something horrible or too wonderful for me handle would happen. He inched closer. I couldn't look at him, my eyes went everywhere but his. I moved a bit more closer and I could feel his breath touch my nose. My heart beat in my chest like a drum, it echoed threw me like when you yelled in a new house, bouncing from wall to wall. He tilted my chin so I would look into

his hooded green eyes.

'I.. I have this big crush on you that I just can't seem to get rid of.' And before I could answer his mouth crashed against mine. It was like I was 12 again, well except this wasn't one sided. Hiccup was kissing me as much as I was kissing him. This was happening. His lips were thin but soft, so so soft. It was a good kiss, it was very inexperienced on both parts but it meant more than what it was and it was the second of many.

**Okay so you're probably wondering why I have made Jack use fack and facking then the real words and it's because I do it and I do it because I can't get in trouble for it so yeah I thought it would be cool having Jack say it so yeah. Oh and there shall be a few more chapters coming up soon ish. **

**Thank you for reading my terrible writing. You guys are all pretty cool so thanks for everything. **

- **Kat **

End
file.